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HERE COMES...
DAREDEVIL
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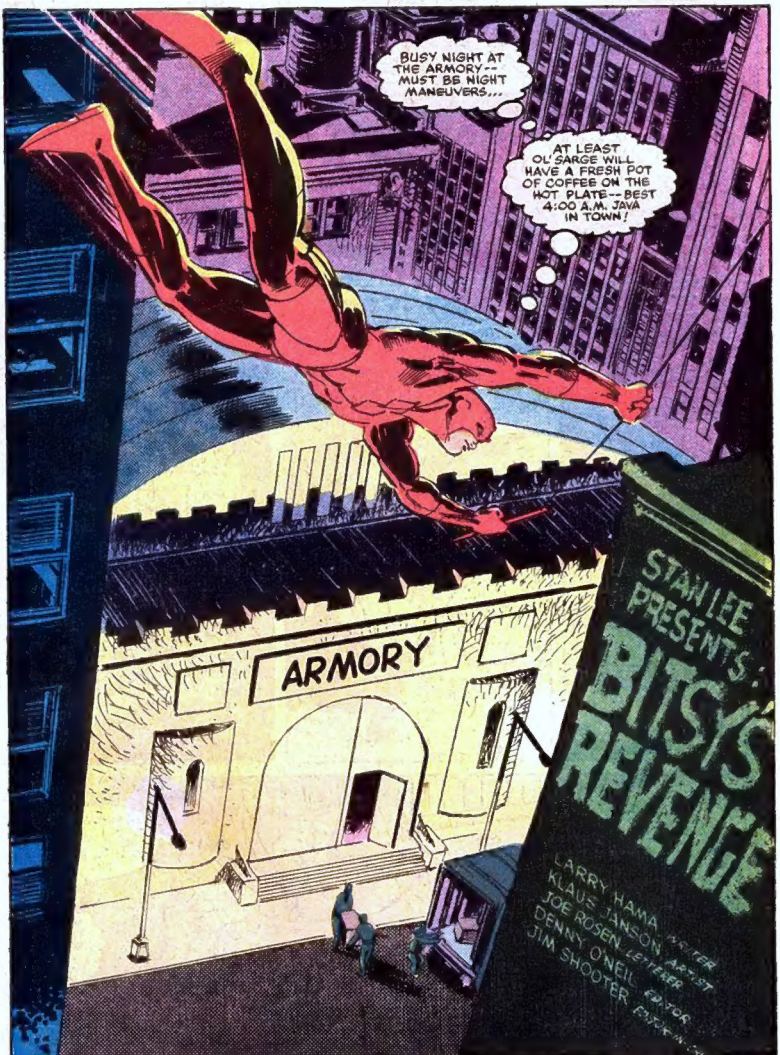

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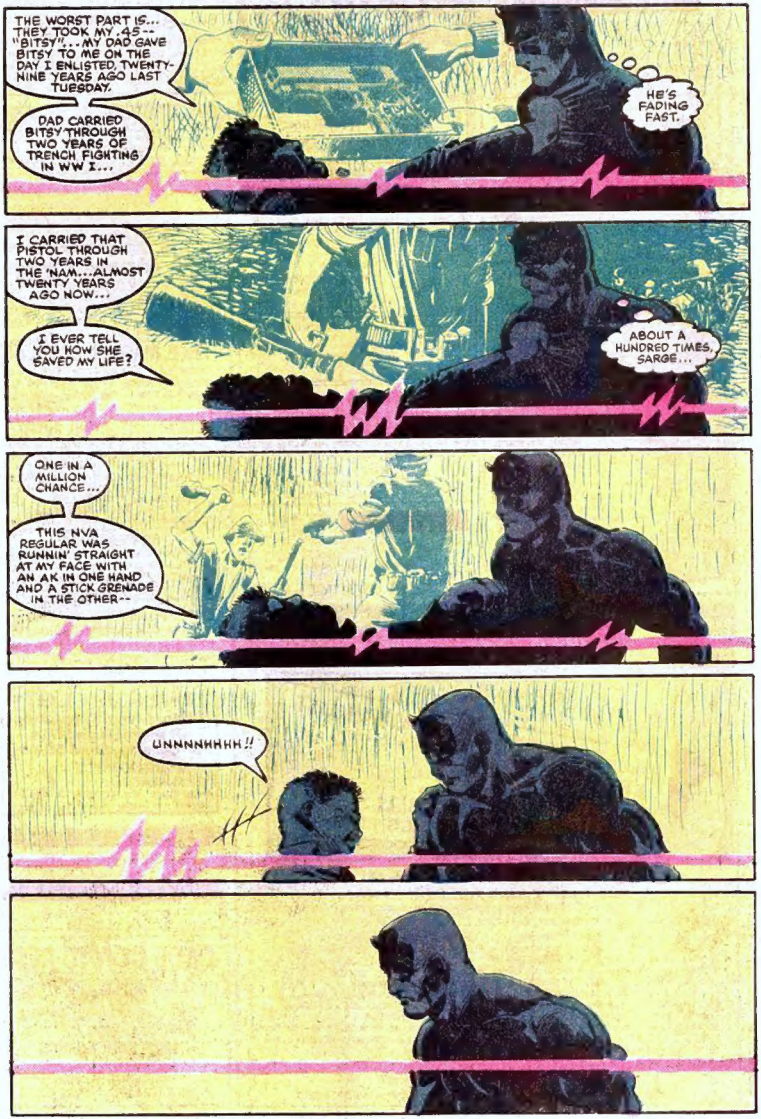
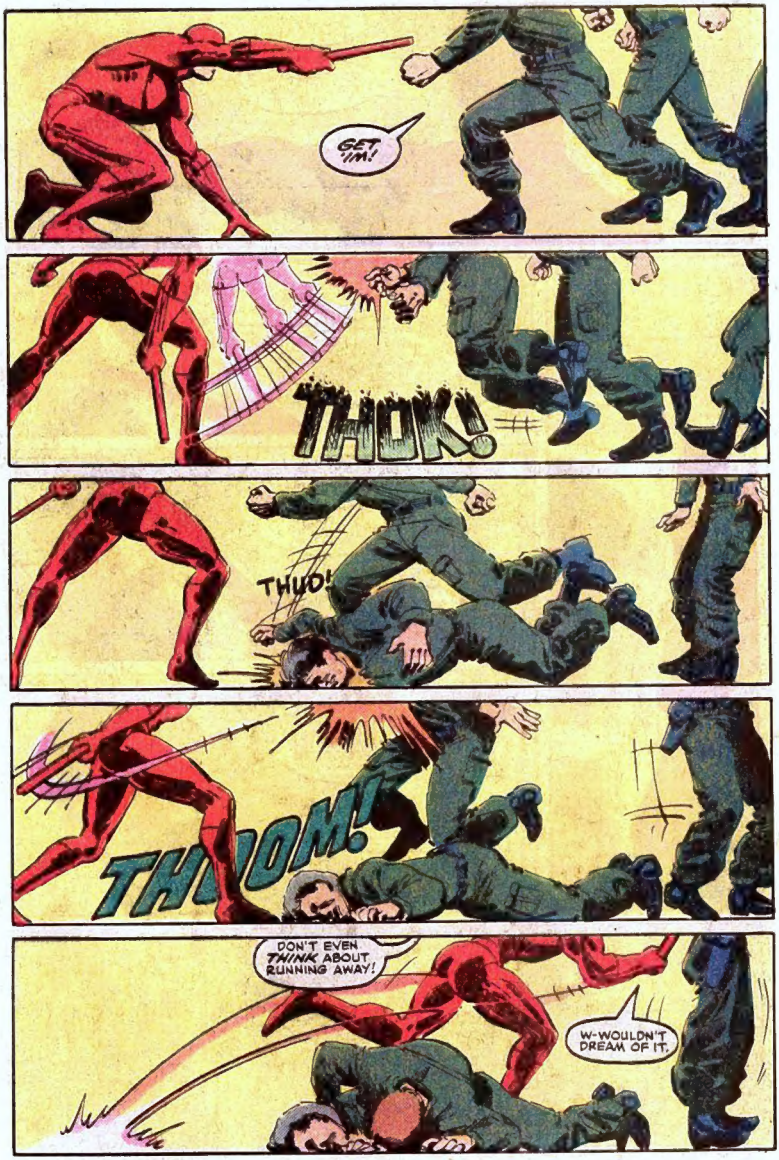
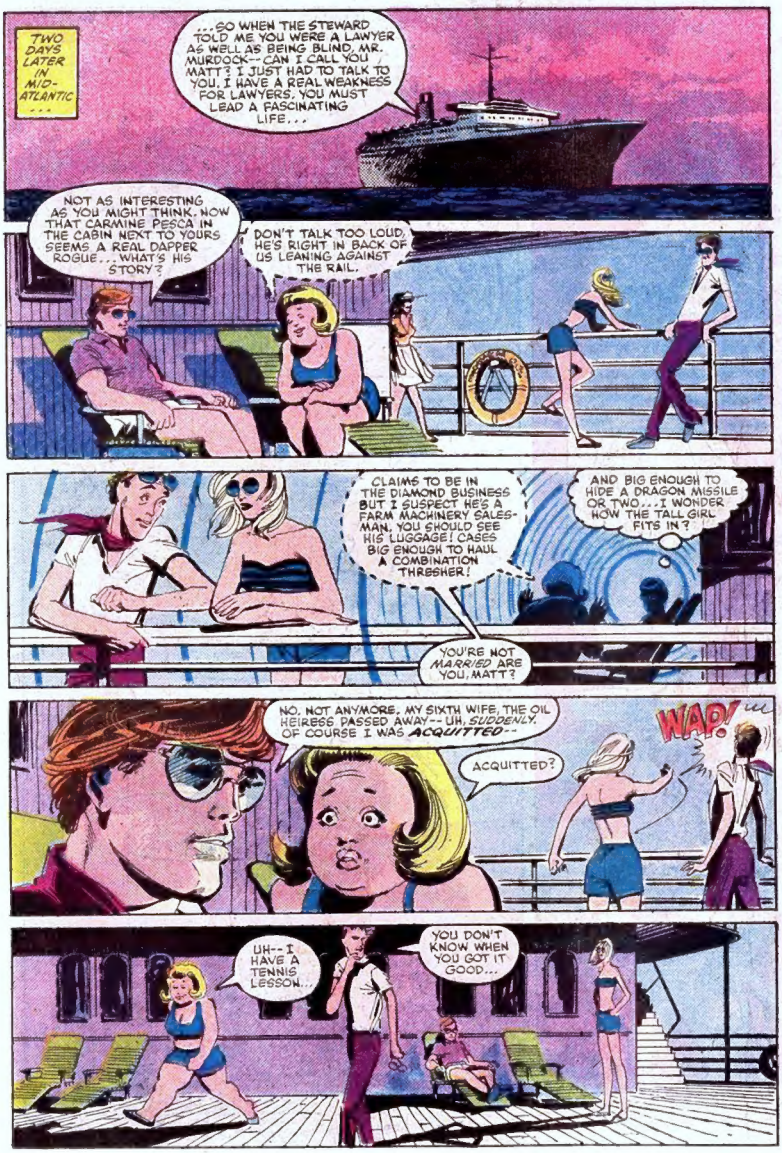
HEY, SARGE, SINCE YOU'RE WORKING LATE ANYWAY, YOU MIGHT AS WELL BREAK OUT AN EXTRA CUP...
...SARGE--
OH NO...
THEY WUZ IN UNIFORM, DAREDEVIL...BUT THEY WASN'T SOLDIERS...
SHHHHH... JUST TAKE IT EASY, SARGE, AND I'LL GET YOU TO THE HOSPITAL...
NO MEDEVAC FOR ME, SON... I MAY JUST BE A SUPPLY ROOM HONCHO NOW...
...BUT I'VE BEEN IN ENOUGH FIRE-FIGHTS TO KNOW WHEN A SUCK-ING CHEST WOUND HAS GOT YOUR NUMBER...
THEY WUZ BAD MEN, DAREDEVIL ...AND THE TALL SKINNY ONE WAS THE WORST...YOU YOU GOTTA STOP 'EM...
...THEY GOT THE DRAGONS! NEW WIRE-GUIDED ANTI-TANK MISSILES ...PUNCHES THROUGH EIGHT INCHES O' ARMOR PLATE LIKE SPIT THROUGH A SIEVE. IMAGINE WHAT IT COULD DO TO AN ARMORED CAR...OR AN AIRLINER...
PHEW TAKE IT EASY, SARGE, YOU'RE GONNA BE OK.
HE'S NOT, THOUGH... HEARTBEAT'S ALREADY FALTERING.

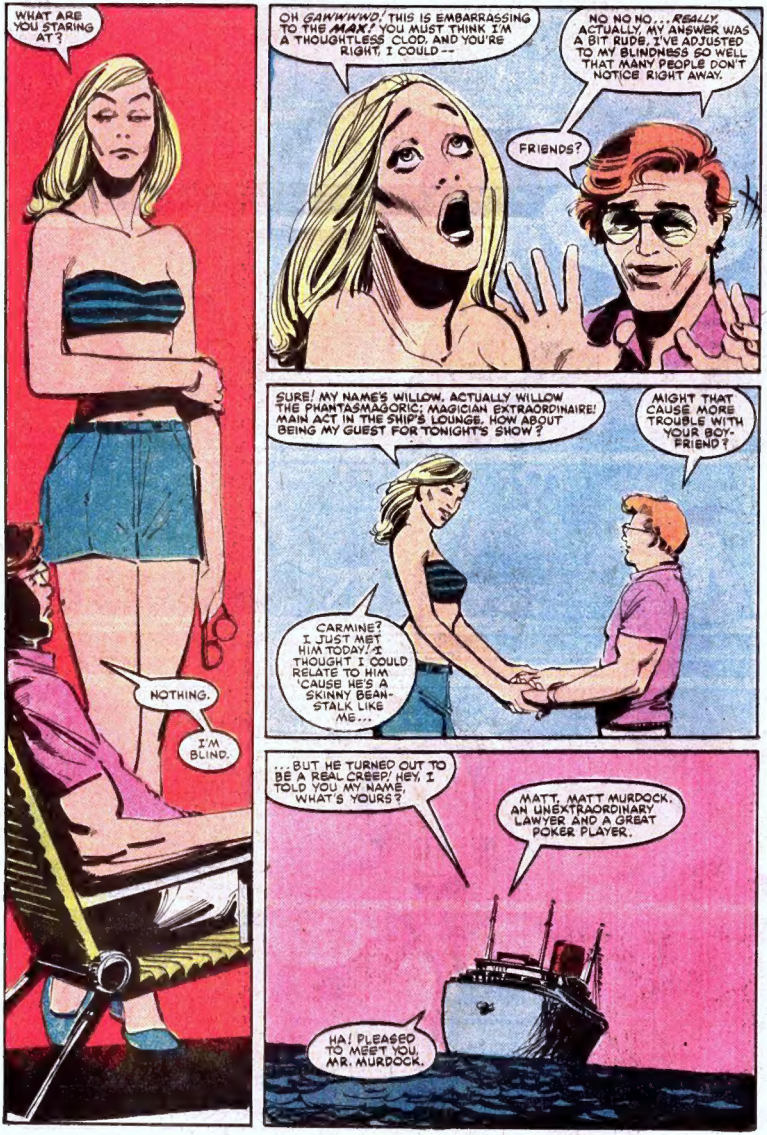

THE WORST PART IS... THEY TOOK MY .45 -- "BITSY"... MY DAD GAVE BITSY TO ME ON THE DAY I ENLISTED, TWENTY-NINE YEARS AGO LAST TUESDAY.
DAD CARRIED BITSY THROUGH TWO YEARS OF TRENCH FIGHTING IN WW I...
HE'S FADING FAST.
I CARRIED THAT PISTOL THROUGH TWO YEARS IN THE 'NAM...ALMOST TWENTY YEARS AGO NOW...
I EVER TELL YOU HOW SHE SAVED MY LIFE?
ABOUT A HUNDRED TIMES, SARGE...
ONE IN A MILLION CHANCE...
THIS NVA REGULAR WAS RUNNIN' STRAIGHT AT MY FACE WITH AN AK IN ONE HAND AND A STICK GRENADE IN THE OTHER--
UNNNNHHHH!!

AT THE FRONT OF THE ARMORY.
THE FIRST TWO CASES ARE LOADED ON THE TRUCK. WE'LL HAVE THE THIRD ON IN A MINUTE...
TERRIFIC.
HEY! WHERE 'YA GOIN'? COME BACK HERE!!
WHY THAT CRUMMY--
I ONLY NEEDED ONE CASE BUT TWO IS BETTER!
I'LL BET HE HAD IT PLANNED FROM THE START TO DITCH US! I KNEW HE WAS NUTS WHEN HE SHOT THAT OLD--
MAN, THIS IS THE WORST--
WRONG, PUNK...
THE WORST IS YET TO COME.
DAREDEVIL!


GET 'IM!
THOK!
THUD!
THWOM!
DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT RUNNING AWAY!
W-WOULDN'T DREAM OF IT.

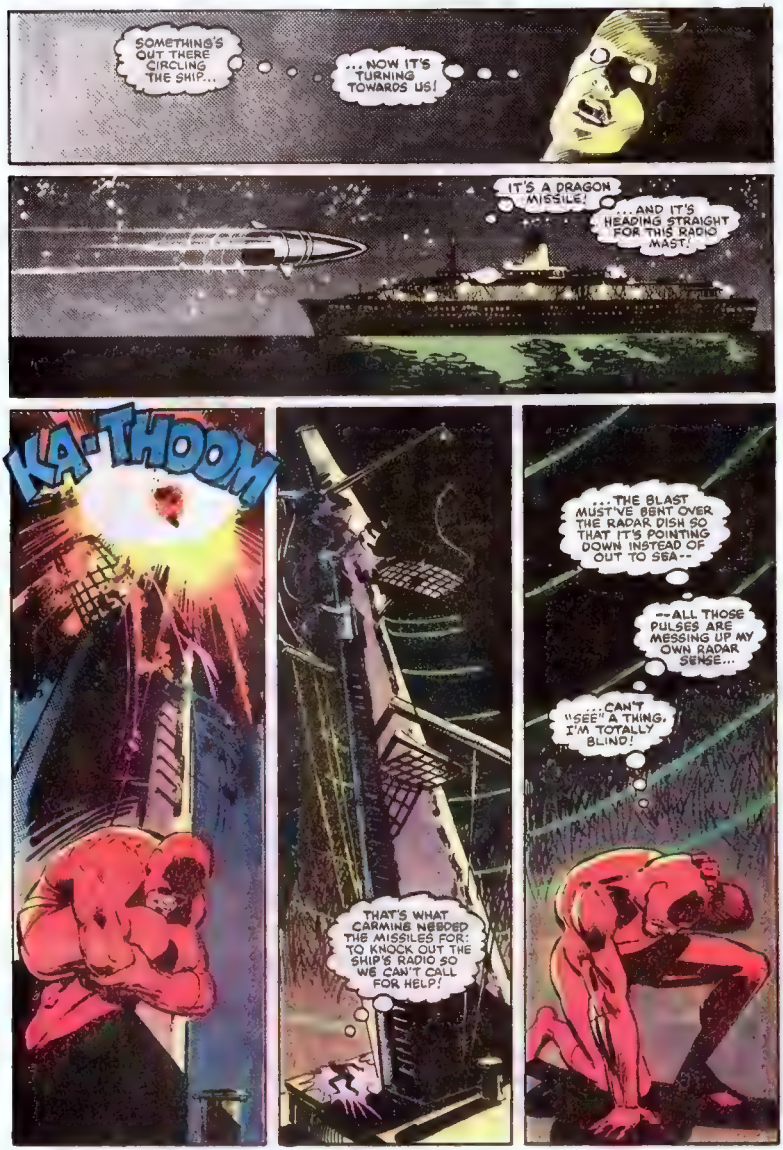
WHO, WHERE AND WHY?
HUH? WHAT'RE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?
YOU'RE A SMART BOY...FIGURE IT OUT.
YOUR BUDDIES ARE GOING TO WAKE UP WITH FEROCIOUS HEADACHES. HEAD INJURIES ARE FUNNY...PERMANENT BRAIN DAMAGE...PARTIAL PARALYS--
I'M FIGURIN'! I'M FIGURIN'!
WHO?
WHO? THE MAIN MAN ON THIS JOB? THE PLANNER? THE TRIGGER WHO ACED OUT THE OLD GEEZER?
...ALL THE SAME GUY, CARMINE PESCA, THE RAT WHO DROVE OFF IN THE TRUCK AND LEFT US...
WHERE?
WHERE'S HE AT NOW? GOOD QUESTION. I WISH I KNEW. BUT I KNOW WHERE HE'S GONNA BE! THE S.S. MADAGASCAR, CRUISE SHIP SAILIN' FOR LE HAVRE IN THE MORNIN'...
WHY?
DIAMONDS. FIVE MILLION WORTH IN THE SHIP'S SAFE. I DON'T KNOW HOW HE EXPECTS TO USE THE DRAGONS BUT--
SAY, YOU'RE NOT PULLING THAT STICK BACK FOR A WIND-UP, ARE YOU? I'M--
HEY!


TWO DAYS LATER IN MID-ATLANTIC...
...SO WHEN THE STEWARD TOLD ME YOU WERE A LAWYER AS WELL AS BEING BLIND, MR. MURDOCK--CAN I CALL YOU MATT? I JUST HAD TO TALK TO YOU. I HAVE A REAL WEAKNESS FOR LAWYERS. YOU MUST LEAD A FASCINATING LIFE...
NOT AS INTERESTING AS YOU MIGHT THINK. NOW THAT CARMINE PESCA IN THE CABIN NEXT TO YOURS SEEMS A REAL DAPPER ROGUE...WHAT'S HIS STORY?
DON'T TALK TOO LOUD. HE'S RIGHT IN BACK OF US LEANING AGAINST THE RAIL.
CLAIMS TO BE IN THE DIAMOND BUSINESS BUT I SUSPECT HE'S A FARM MACHINERY SALESMAN. YOU SHOULD SEE HIS LUGGAGE! CASES BIG ENOUGH TO HAUL A COMBINATION THRESHER!
AND BIG ENOUGH TO HIDE A DRAGON MISSILE OR TWO...I WONDER HOW THE TALL GIRL FITS IN?
YOU'RE NOT MARRIED ARE YOU, MATT?
NO. NOT ANYMORE. MY SIXTH WIFE, THE OIL HEIRESS PASSED AWAY--UH, SUDDENLY. OF COURSE I WAS ACQUITTED--
ACQUITTED?
WAP!
UH--I HAVE A TENNIS LESSON...
YOU DON'T KNOW WHEN YOU GOT IT GOOD...


WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT?
NOTHING.
I'M BLIND.
OH GAWWWWD! THIS IS EMBARRASSING TO THE MAX! YOU MUST THINK I'M A THOUGHTLESS CLOD. AND YOU'RE RIGHT, I COULD --
NO NO NO... REALLY. ACTUALLY, MY ANSWER WAS A BIT RUDE. I'VE ADJUSTED TO MY BLINDNESS SO WELL THAT MANY PEOPLE DON'T NOTICE RIGHT AWAY.
FRIENDS?
SURE! MY NAME'S WILLOW. ACTUALLY WILLOW THE PHANTASMAGORIC: MAGICIAN EXTRAORDINAIRE! MAIN ACT IN THE SHIP'S LOUNGE. HOW ABOUT BEING MY GUEST FOR TONIGHT'S SHOW?
MIGHT THAT CAUSE MORE TROUBLE WITH YOUR BOY-FRIEND?
CARMINE? I JUST MET HIM TODAY! I THOUGHT I COULD RELATE TO HIM 'CAUSE HE'S A SKINNY BEAN-STALK LIKE ME...
...BUT HE TURNED OUT TO BE A REAL CREEP! HEY, I TOLD YOU MY NAME, WHAT'S YOURS?
MATT. MATT MURDOCK. AN UNEXTRAORDINARY LAWYER AND A GREAT POKER PLAYER.
HA! PLEASED TO MEET YOU, MR. MURDOCK.

THAT NIGHT IN THE SHIP'S LOUNGE...
THANK YOU. FOR MY NEXT ILLUSION, I SHALL REQUIRE THE PARTICIPATION OF A MEMBER OF THE AUDIENCE. WILL MATT MURDOCK PLEASE COME TO THE STAGE?
THAT WAS PRETTY IMPRESSIVE. ELEPHANTS ARE A LOT HARDER TO CONJURE UP THAN RABBITS, RIGHT?
AHHHHHH, IT'S ALL DONE WITH MIRRORS...
HMMM. I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE REST OF THE AUDIENCE IS SEEING BUT MY RADAR SENSES ARE PICKING UP BLANK SPACE WHERE THAT ELEPHANT IS SUPPOSED TO BE...
MATT'S A LAWYER FROM NEW YORK CITY SO HE PROBABLY KNOWS A FEW TRICKS HIMSELF!
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS KEEP UP YOUR END OF OUR CONVERSATION AS ALI AND AKBAR STRETCH THIS SCREEN IN FRONT OF US...
WHO ME? SAY, THIS ISN'T GOING TO HURT WILL IT?
...NOW, GOT ANY HOBBIES?
OTHER THAN FIGHTING A NEVER-ENDING BATTLE FOR TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO MY BACK, WILLOW?
GOLLY, MATT, IF YOU CAN'T COME UP WITH SNAPPIER PATTER THAN THAT--
...IT'S A HARNESS AND WIRE...
--I'M GOING TO HAVE TO MAKE YOU DISAPPEAR!
THANK YOU, YOU'VE BEEN A GREAT AUDIENCE! GOOD NIGHT!

A VERY SLICK TRICK, WILLOW.
I'M DANGLING FROM A MONOFILAMENT WIRE STRONG ENOUGH TO HEFT A LINEBACKER BUT THIN ENOUGH TO BE INVISIBLE BY THE AUDIENCE...
LATER, BACKSTAGE...
...THE MONO-FILAMENT LEADS TO THIS PULLEY AND SPRING SYSTEM THAT'S CONNECTED TO A COUNTER-WEIGHT. WHEN THE COUNTER-WEIGHT WAS RE-LEASED BACK-STAGE, THE PULLEYS WHISKED YOU INTO THE FLIES.*
*THE SPACE ABOVE A STAGE HIDDEN FROM THE AUDIENCE.
THE ELEPHANT IS JUST A HOLOGRAM. A THREE DIMENSIONAL PROJECTION-- LOOKS SOLID ENOUGH TO TOUCH!
I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOUR WORD ON THAT ONE...
YOU'RE SWEET. GOTTA KICK YOU OUT NOW. ALI, AKBAR AND I HAVE TO REHEARSE WITH SOME NEW RADIO-CONTROLLED PROPS FOR TOMORROW NIGHT'S SHOW. DO YOU MIND?
NOT AT ALL. I'VE GOT SOME BUSINESS I HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF MYSELF...
LATER...
IT'S A CHILLY, WINDY NIGHT... THE DECKS ARE VIRTUALLY DESERTED--
--EXCEPT FOR MY MR. PESCA. HE'S STARING OUT TO SEA, AS IF HE WAS WAITING FOR SOMETHING...


SOMETHING'S OUT THERE CIRCLING THE SHIP...
...NOW IT'S TURNING TOWARDS US!
IT'S A DRAGON MISSILE!
...AND IT'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THIS RADIO MAST!
KA-THOOM
THAT'S WHAT CARMINE NEEDED THE MISSILES FOR: TO KNOCK OUT THE SHIP'S RADIO SO WE CAN'T CALL FOR HELP!
...THE BLAST MUST'VE BENT OVER THE RADAR DISH SO THAT IT'S POINTING DOWN INSTEAD OF OUT TO SEA--
--ALL THOSE PULSES ARE MESSING UP MY OWN RADAR SENSE...
...CAN'T "SEE" A THING. I'M TOTALLY BLIND!

THERE'S A SUBMARINE SURFACING OUT THERE, AND IT'S GOT A SKULL AND CROSSBONES PAINTED ON ITS CONNING TOWER!
PIRATES OR TERRORISTS! I KNEW WE SHOULD HAVE TAKEN A CHARTER FLIGHT!
YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR AS LONG AS YOU COOPERATE! WE WANT THE ENTIRE SHIPMENT OF DIAMONDS IN THE SHIP'S VAULT. YOU HAVE EXACTLY TEN MINUTES IN WHICH TO COMPLY!
FAILURE TO COMPLY WILL RESULT IN THE IMMEDIATE SINKING OF YOUR SHIP, AND BELIEVE ME, WE POSSESS THE NECESSARY FIREPOWER!
ON THE BRIDGE OF THE MADAGASCAR...
...TWO CASES OF MISSILES WERE STOLEN FROM A MANHATTAN ARMORY THE DAY BEFORE WE SAILED. HALF A CASE COULD SEND US TO THE BOTTOM. HERE ARE THE KEYS AND COMBINATIONS TO THE VAULT...
YOU'VE MADE THE RIGHT DECISION, CAPTAIN. THE SAFETY OF THE PASSENGERS COMES FIRST...
YOU WILL LOWER THE DIAMONDS INTO THE RUBBER RAFT WHEN IT PULLS UP ALONGSIDE. ANY ATTEMPT TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE MEN IN THE RAFT OR TAMPER WITH THE GEMS WILL RESULT IN THE LAUNCHING OF ANOTHER MISSILE!
...GOTTA DO EVERYTHING BY FEEL. THE BROKEN SHIP'S RADAR UNIT HAS NULLIFIED EVERY VESTIGE OF MY RADAR SENSE...

IN THE SHIP'S VAULT...

THE RAFT IS APPROACHING. JUST HAND ME THE DIAMONDS AND DON'T SAY A WORD!

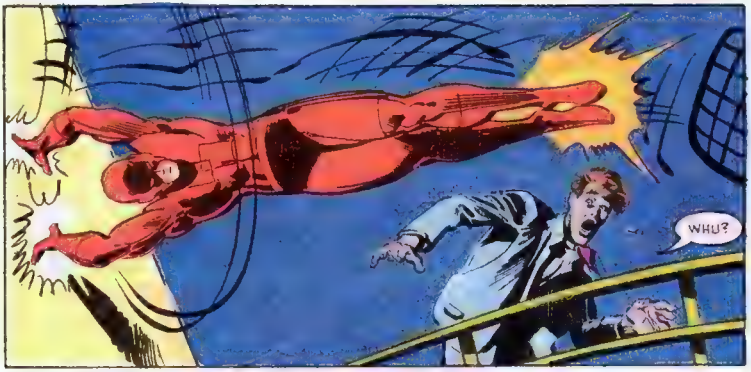
MR. PESCA? I--AHEM--THINK YOU WOULD BE MORE COMFORTABLE AND... UH, SAFER BELOW DECKS...

YEAH? WELL, I LIKE THE VIEW FROM UP HERE, SO GET LOST AND HANG YOURSELF FROM A YARD-ARM WHY DON'TCHA...

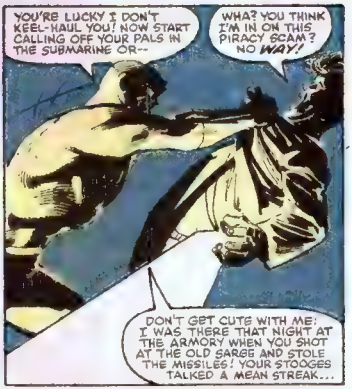
IN CASE OF FIRE BREAK GLASS

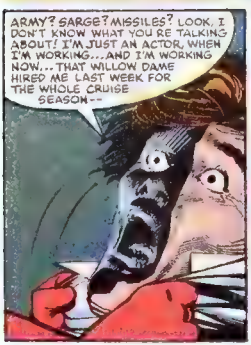
:PHEW: THE RADAR PULSES ARE SO "LOUD" UP HERE, THERE'S NO WAY I CAN'T PINPOINT THEIR SOURCE...
CHONK!
--I CAN STOP IT--
...AND IF I CAN FIND IT--
...THAT'S A RELIEF. MY HEAD'S STILL RINGING BUT MY SENSES ARE BACK AND--
OH NO...

...I HAD ASSUMED THE DECKS WOULD BE CLEARED! THERE'S SOMEBODY DOWN THERE AND THE RADAR DISH IS FALLING STRAIGHT AT HIS HEAD!
HEY YOU! GET OUT OF THE WAY! RUN!
NO USE. THE WIND IS WHIPPING THE WORDS OUT OF MY MOUTH BEFORE-- IT'S CARMINE PESCA!
HE'S A CREEP AND PROBABLY A MURDERER, BUT I'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM...
THAT DISH IS NOTHING BUT WIND RESISTANCE. IF I STREAMLINE MYSELF OUT...
I CAN PROBABLY CATCH UP TO IT IN TIME--

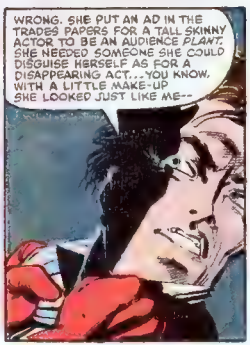

WHU?

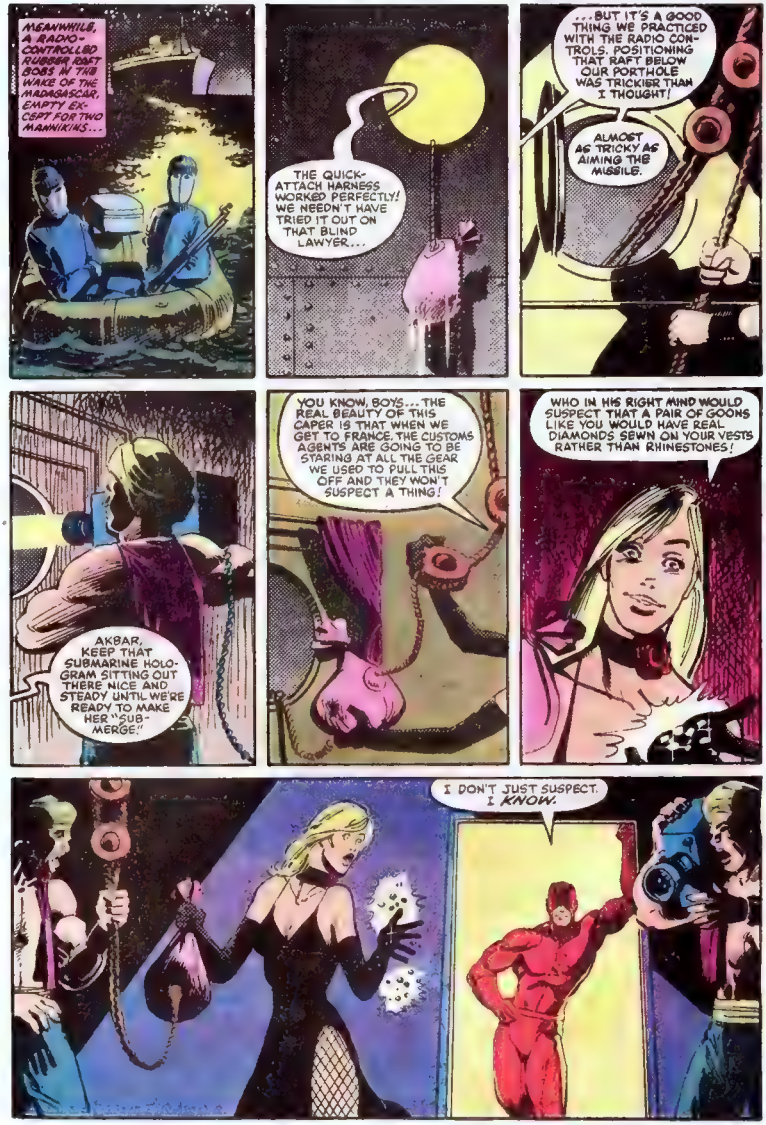
THAT WAS CLOSE, MAN! MUST BE MY LUCKY NIGHT--


YOU'RE LUCKY I DON'T KEEL-HAUL YOU! NOW START CALLING OFF YOUR PALS IN THE SUBMARINE OR--
WHA? YOU THINK I'M IN ON THIS PIRACY SCAM? NO WAY!
DON'T GET CUTE WITH ME! I WAS THERE THAT NIGHT AT THE ARMORY WHEN YOU SHOT AT THE OLD SARGE AND STOLE THE MISSILES! YOUR STOOGES TALKED A MEAN STREAK...


ARMY? SARGE? MISSILES? LOOK, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! I'M JUST AN ACTOR, WHEN I'M WORKING... AND I'M WORKING NOW... THAT WILLOW DAME HIRED ME LAST WEEK FOR THE WHOLE CRUISE SEASON--

YOUR LIES ARE GETTING THIN, PESCA... WILLOW JUST MET YOU THIS MORNING...


WRONG. SHE PUT AN AD IN THE TRADES PAPERS FOR A TALL SKINNY ACTOR TO BE AN AUDIENCE PLANT. SHE NEEDED SOMEONE SHE COULD DISGUISE HERSELF AS FOR A DISAPPEARING ACT... YOU KNOW, WITH A LITTLE MAKE-UP SHE LOOKED JUST LIKE ME--

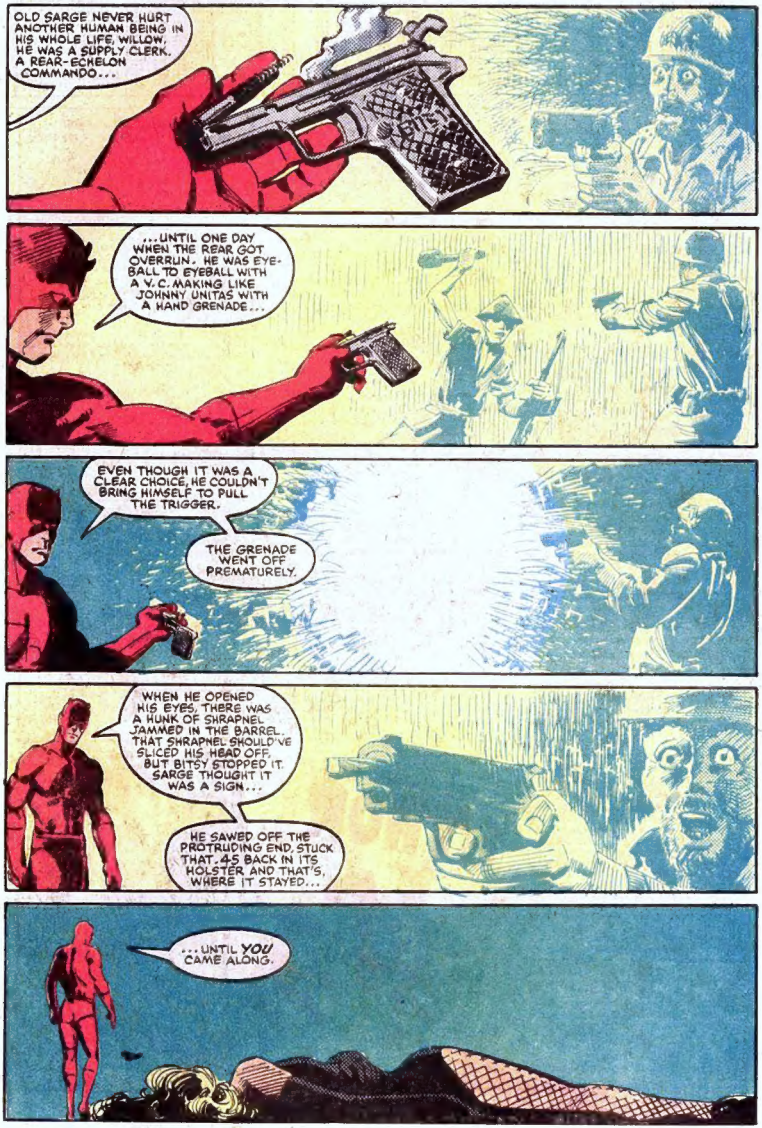

MEANWHILE, A RADIO-CONTROLLED RUBBER RAFT BOBS IN THE WAKE OF THE MADAGASCAR, EMPTY EXCEPT FOR TWO MANNIKINS...
THE QUICK-ATTACH HARNESS WORKED PERFECTLY! WE NEEDN'T HAVE TRIED IT OUT ON THAT BLIND LAWYER...
...BUT IT'S A GOOD THING WE PRACTICED WITH THE RADIO CONTROLS, POSITIONING THAT RAFT BELOW OUR PORTHOLE WAS TRICKIER THAN I THOUGHT!
ALMOST AS TRICKY AS AIMING THE MISSILE.
AKBAR, KEEP THAT SUBMARINE HOLOGRAM SITTING OUT THERE NICE AND STEADY UNTIL WE'RE READY TO MAKE HER "SUBMERGE!"
YOU KNOW, BOYS... THE REAL BEAUTY OF THIS CAPER IS THAT WHEN WE GET TO FRANCE, THE CUSTOMS AGENTS ARE GOING TO BE STARING AT ALL THE GEAR WE USED TO PULL THIS OFF AND THEY WON'T SUSPECT A THING!
WHO IN HIS RIGHT MIND WOULD SUSPECT THAT A PAIR OF GOONS LIKE YOU WOULD HAVE REAL DIAMONDS SEWN ON YOUR VESTS RATHER THAN RHINESTONES!
I DON'T JUST SUSPECT. I KNOW.

ARRRRRRGH!
KILL HIM!
THAP!
THOOOM!
I'LL HOLD HIM, ALI-- YOU BREAK HIM!
BREAK HIM? I'M GONNA--

GONNA WHAT?
BAP!
BAP! BAP! BAP!
THUMP!
THOOOOM!
IT WAS ALL A SLEIGHT-OF-HAND TRICK, WASN'T IT, WILLOW? YOU DISGUISED YOURSELF AS CARMINE TO PLAN AND PULL THE ARMORY JOB...AND CARMINE WAS SET UP TO TAKE THE FALL!
YOU BET. HE WAS THE PATSY IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE. NOW CUT OUT THE CHIT-CHAT AND DO WHAT YOU CAME HERE FOR ... IF YOU CAN.

DON'T MAKE IT TOUGHER ON YOURSELF. COME IN QUIETLY AND--
ALL RIGHT. IF YOU WON'T START THIS...
...I WILL!
WHOMP!
HMMMM...YOU ARE AS GOOD AS THE PAPERS MAKE YOU OUT TO BE. MAKES THINGS HARDER...
...BUT I'LL JUST BET YOU CAN'T DODGE BULLETS!
POOF!

BITSY! THAT'S THE SARGE'S GUN! YOU STOLE IT AFTER YOU--
--SHOT HIM? YEAH, I BLEW AWAY THE OLD DUFFER... HE DIDN'T EVEN GO FOR HIS GUN. JUST TRIED TO TALK US OUT OF IT!
THERE'S A REASON FOR THAT. THE GUN DOESN'T WORK... HASN'T WORKED IN TWENTY YEARS... IT'S--
THAT DOESN'T WASH. WHY WOULD A SERGEANT ON GUARD DUTY BE CARRYING AN INOPERATIVE FIREARM? IT'S AN OLD TRICK, DAREDEVIL, AND IT DOESN'T WORK ANYMORE...
HE WASN'T MEANT TO BE ARMED! BITSY WAS JUST A GOOD LUCK PIECE...
I'VE COME TOO FAR TO BELIEVE A STORY AS OBVIOUS AND DESPERATE AS THAT. GOOD-BYE, DAREDEVIL--
BLAM!


OLD SARGE NEVER HURT ANOTHER HUMAN BEING IN HIS WHOLE LIFE, WILLOW. HE WAS A SUPPLY CLERK. A REAR-ECHELON COMMANDO...
...UNTIL ONE DAY WHEN THE REAR GOT OVERRUN. HE WAS EYE-BALL TO EYEBALL WITH A V.C. MAKING LIKE JOHNNY UNITAS WITH A HAND GRENADE...
EVEN THOUGH IT WAS A CLEAR CHOICE, HE COULDN'T BRING HIMSELF TO PULL THE TRIGGER.
THE GRENADE WENT OFF PREMATURELY.
WHEN HE OPENED HIS EYES, THERE WAS A HUNK OF SHRAPNEL JAMMED IN THE BARREL. THAT SHRAPNEL SHOULD'VE SLICED HIS HEAD OFF, BUT BITSY STOPPED IT. SARGE THOUGHT IT WAS A SIGN...
HE SAWED OFF THE PROTRUDING END, STUCK THAT .45 BACK IN ITS HOLSTER AND THAT'S, WHERE IT STAYED...
...UNTIL *YOU* CAME ALONG.

DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

% MARVEL COMICS GROUP
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DENNY O'NEIL
EDITOR
LINDA GRANT
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Due to the flood of letters on issue #190, we're turning over two entire pages to your comments.

Dear Frank and Klaus,

I have just read DAREDEVIL #190 and, after having some thirty days of reservations, I can say that I am . . . pleasantly surprised. DD #189 left me with a lot of fear about what was to come in "Resurrection". One does not need to be a veteran comic book reader (as I am after fifteen years) to be aware of the endless "resurrections" of comic characters that have polluted the industry. The resurrection of Elektra must rank as one of the best because you not only brought her back to life, but you salvaged her soul as well.

Let us begin at the beginning. The prologue was excellent because it served a two-fold purpose: it gave us a necessary look at the backgrounds of Elektra and Stick, both of whom played important roles in the life of Daredevil. Stick died still a mystery and will remain an enigma to Daredevil and to us. Elektra is another matter. Here we see in stark intimacy the turning point, the tragic catalyst that corrupted an innocent. The fall of a would-be angel.

The Stone-DD-Black Widow interactions were dandy. It's a pity that Stone died for there was much he could have taught Murdock. There's much Murdock needs to learn.

Before I approach Elektra's return I wish to comment on Kingpin's little chat with DD. It supported the already well-used theory that super heroes need their evil counterparts to survive. Kingpin put it in more chilling and truer perspective. Without DD's help Kingpin would not have regained his control so soon and without Kingpin DD would never have found the Hand in time. Kingpin calls himself and DD the real power in the city, and that's truer than he knows for while the rest of the populace walk a fine line between the two, the Daredevils and the Kingpins represent a necessary equal balance. True, good defeats evil in comics more often than not, but good never has a complete victory. Without good evil would not need to corrupt, and without evil good would not have to be so very strong.

Elektra. If there was anyone who represented the great potentials for good or evil it was she. She began so very good and died the dark angel of death. Innocence shattered. Unclean. She died the way she lived, violent, without mercy. Her resurrection by the Hand would have doomed her eternal soul forever as surely as it did Kirigin. Except for Daredevil.

". . .in his futile attempt to revive her . . . he has purged her. She is clean . . ." and thus qualified to carry on Stick's teachings and his mission. The innocence that sought Stick's instruction and the strength that fought the love of Matt Murdock is one.

Elektra is whole. She has scaled the wall. I wish her well.

Chris Hostsetter
121 Bomberger Road
Akron, PA 17501

Dear Frank and Klaus:

Just finished my second read of DAREDEVIL #189 and 190. I find myself too overawed to discuss the story in terms of its larger ramifications. So let me try to extrapolate my feelings based on a smaller element, your use of color.

The Hand, in red, symbolize passion. Stick's men, dressed in white, reflect purity. Of course. DD is dressed in red (as always) but in this story reflects a passion somewhat different than the Hand's, but still impure. (Ask Stone. Or, for that matter, the Kingpin. And look at what Matt did to Heather.) The Black Widow, black in name and costume, dies. (Guess what she symbolizes?) At the end of the story, Natasha (resurrected death) and Matt (resurrecting life) go off together, the yin and yang of life and death finally united and balanced. And, lastly, the Kingpin, in his huge white jacket, may represent an evil just as pure as Stone's good. (Just as Daredevil represents a passion just as well-meaning as the Hand's is sinister.)

But Elektra—the final, caping image—having risen beyond her own passions thru the passions of death (her own) and life (Matt's final, loving nudge), in the last three pages of #190 sheds her red garments for glowing white. Resurrection, indeed!

"He must seek out his own destiny . . . and perhaps, in time, forget her."

Matt may forget Elektra. But I won't.

Dan H. Eiler
5140 Richard Ave., Apt. #8
Dallas, Texas 75206

Gentlemen:

So . . . this is how DAREDEVIL, that oft-praised monument to realistic story and impressionistic art, makes the payoff on two years of the Elektra saga.

Deus ex machina. Magic. Give me a break.

Daredevil concentrates real hard and Elektra's soul is cleansed of evil. Off-panel, Stone concentrates real hard and Elektra's life is restored. And even further off-panel, Elektra concentrates real hard and gets the heck out.

There is no confrontation with Matt or, heaven forbid, any kind of answer for her years of butchery and murder. All we get is a pin-up of Elektra in her new white hat so we know she's one of the good guys now.

Of course, this is not justice. It is a cheat.

Robert Spina
No address

Dear Messrs. Miller and Janson:

Re: The last page of #190.

Beautiful.

D.A. Graf
1920 Tavern Road
Alpine, CA 91001

Dear Frank and Klaus:

I want to thank you for DAREDEVIL #190. It's the most beautifully redeeming story I've ever read. When I first heard Elektra was dead, I was stunned. I read issue #181 and felt cheated, almost betrayed. She was the first character I ever followed, and though she couldn't truly be called good, she had an honor of purpose. She had a fluid grace and strong magnetism. Her death was unfulfilled. We were allowed to weep for Matt and dragged through his agony in #182, but what about Elektra? There was no mourning, no regrets. But I felt remorse, and I mourned.

I read "What If Elektra Had Lived" and it was nice, but we all know it was a fairy tale. Matt's sense of justice is just to keen for that!

Then came DD #190. I hesitated to read it because I was afraid of another betrayal. Either she would be resurrected as one of the "living dead" or it would be another one of those "miraculous comebacks." You did neither. You gave her back the honor and respect she'd lost. You reinstated, with love and care, the purity of soul she'd had taken away. Elektra's ascended, and she's had a very fitting epitaph in #190.

Diana Vick
238 Terry Ave.
Billings, MT 59101

Dear Frank and Klaus:

DD #190 was by far the greatest double-sized issue since man created the comic book.

Paul Gregory
11 Seneca St.
Sidney, NY 13838

Dear Frank:

I am not a longtime Daredevil fan, but when Elektra came on the scene, she got me hooked on this book. When you killed her off, I thought you a fool for destroying a truly interesting character. I couldn't even write a protest letter, I was so angry. I had hopes for Elektra, a foolish faith that she could change. You shattered that faith. I considered dropping the book, but your reality-soaked stories, full of plot twists, kept me reading on.

Until #190.

As I read it, I kept hoping, please Frank, don't blow it. And you didn't. The last two pages made it all.

Thank you for restoring some of that foolish faith.

Phyllis Weaver
2590 North Nellis Blvd.
Las Vegas, NV 89110

Dear People:

In your comics I have read several letters from people who were so moved by a story that they cried. Well, I've yet to be *that* moved by any comic, (or movie, or television series, or . . . well, you

know what I mean.) But, DAREDEVIL #190 brought me closer to that than anything else ever has. Congratulations on a beautiful story.

R. Babb
Box 3041
Amarillo, TX 79106

Dear Frank and Klaus:

"Resurrection" was the best written and drawn, as well as most believable, "let's-bring-a-character-back-to-life" story that I have ever read (and Marvel has had plenty of them in the past few years). Congratulations to you both.

Ingrid Neilson
1540 Westchester Ave.
Winter Park, FL 32789

Dear Frank and Klaus:

I just finished issue #190 for about the fifteenth time. Each time I read it, it made me feel good! I also knew that when Elektra was killed you wouldn't let her rest in peace. We may not see her again for a long time to come, but knowing she's alive and well makes us all feel a lot better.

Kurt Loyd
606 LaSalle
Richardson, TX 75081

Dear Frank and Klaus:

Last issue I had a massive coronary when I saw Elektra's face enshrouded on the last page with the breathtaking title, "Resurrection" right under her. And DD #190 was superb. The words of Stone just flow over and over in my head: "She is pure." Thank God that she has paid in full for all her crimes, because now no one can gripe about all of us hero-worshipping a murderess. When murder is committed, the penalty is death. Well, Elektra has died, and brutally at that. I think she has paid in full. I didn't have any idea how you would handle her coming back from the dead. You sure surprised me! Stone's giving up his essence for her to live and take over where he left off was the greatest idea since the wheel! And you are right for not letting her go back to Matt. It really would have been impossible for both of them.

Jeff Rester
6413 Maryknoll Drive
Mobile AL

Dear Folks:

In the last year or so DAREDEVIL has become a moody, gripping comic and #190 is no exception. Frank not only fills in gaps in Elektra's history, but also expands the life and personal history of both Daredevil and Stick. What words can I use to describe the overwhelming feelings I have towards this issue? Get a thesaurus and look up "greatness" and it still won't be enough. I'm speechless.

Glenn Dressler
RR #2 Box 191 AA
Kankakee, IL 60901

Dear Frank and Klaus:

Huh!?! What?!? I mean to say, I didn't exactly understand "Resurrection". The art was good—the only thing missing in the story was realism (which DAREDEVIL is famous for) and clarity (which all comics should have). #190 was strange, to say the least. The only good thing in this issue was the interaction between Daredevil and Kingpin. Better luck next time.

Danny Short
P.O. Box 1545
Presque Isle, ME 04769

Dear Frank and Klaus:

The end of Elektra's story was a surprise. You see, I'd already decided that bringing her back to life, somehow getting rid of the bitterness that consumed her, and sending her off somewhere out of Matt's life would be the best way to end things. I didn't really have much hope that it would turn out that way, though. So when it did, I could hardly be expected to think it anything less than perfect. I am overjoyed that Elektra's soul has finally found peace, and that she has (presumably) gone off to replace poor old Stone.

As a measure of how much this story moved me: when Phoenix died, I was surprised and enraged, but I didn't cry. And when Elektra died, I was unsurprised and disappointed, but I didn't cry. But when she made it to the top of the mountain, when I saw that beautiful close-up on the next-to-last page, then I cried.

Anne Delafere
No address

Dear Frank, Klaus and Denny:

Artistically, DAREDEVIL looks great. Klaus's dark, moody backgrounds and expressive faces are perfect. And it is so refreshing not to have dialogue or captions crammed into every panel. Letting the action speak for itself suits this book well.

I also like the seemingly supporting role that Kingpin has taken. He and the other underworld minions that seem to survive on the fringes of the stories of late add yet another humanistic element.

As for the wrap-up of the current storyline in #190, I was actually sad to see Stone give himself up so Elektra could live—purged or not. But it was overall a tremendous ending. As you said in the epilogue: "He must never know." Let's keep it that way.

Thomas Long
Rt. #3 Box 146
Edwardsville, IL 62025

Dear Frank and Klaus:

This is my first letter to you, and I'd like to take this opportunity to congratulate you on your finesse at getting out of what might have been a sticky situation with irate fans. Elektra alive! I love it! (Sure, you say "he must never know"—but we know!)

The prologue to #190 surprised me; I never would have suspected it. The ending was beautiful—Elektra has never appeared as lovely or majestic.

Connie Lawford
56-27 30th Ave.
Woodside, NY 11377

Dear Frank and Klaus:

I just finished reading DAREDEVIL #190. It was the most interesting issue I've ever read. And, at the end when Elektra makes it up the sheer wall, I almost started crying. Congratulations on a touching and perfect story.

Tom Casten
578 Custer Ct.
Wheeling, IL 60090

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